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Title: The Orc

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I was only eighty three  
when the orcs came.  
About twelve in aging  
terms. I remember that I  
was sitting in the Keg  
and Anchor, a rather  
colorful place that was  
one of my favorite

haunts, with my  
father. He was having  
ale and I was having  
cider, and I was  
happy. We heard  
someone yell from far  
away, "They're  
attacking!" My father

was a paladin, so he  
knew the current  
situation. From that  
moment onward my  
father transformed  
from a merry elven  
paladin to a battle  
hardened warrior. My

father and I started  
heading towards  
Paladin Isle, but he  
instructed me to hide  
in a trash barrel in  
the park. I obeyed,  
and from then on I  
could watch the entire

battle from a clear  
vantage point.  
Countless brave men's  
deaths I witnessed,  
and countless innocents  
slaughtered. The orcs  
did it all. For two  
days I hid in that

barrel. Two days I  
sat crunched up there,  
breathing in the foul

stench of the dead.  
My father eventually  
fought his way back  
to me, in the middle  
of the night of the

second day. He was  
alone, the main battle  
had moved farther  
inward towards the  
city. He cast a gate to  
our home in the forest  
outside Trinsic, and I ran  
in gratefully. I did it

fast enough to see my  
father be stabbed in the  
back by an orc  
captain. I was  
infuriated. When the  
Orc Captain followed  
me through the gate I  
was in a rage the likes

of which Britannia has  
never seen before. I had  
succesfully thrown myself  
into what many people  
call the berserker's rage  
for the first time. I  
grabbed a butcher's knife  
on the table and ran at

the orc. I stabbed him  
again and again and again,  
even after he was  
dead. I hung his head  
on my doorpost to  
ward off any orcs  
fleeing from battle.  
The orc was very

dead. I waited three  
weeks until after the  
sounds of battle had  
died down and then I  
ventured back into the  
ruined city. Mangled  
bodies, orc and human  
alike, were strewn

across the bloody  
streets. It was a  
barren desolate  
wasteland. I helped  
the few remaining  
survivors bury the  
dead, and in the

months to come I

helped rebuild the city.  
They offered me the  
position of paladin in  
their ranks but I  
refused. As soon as I  
had earned enough  
gold I took passage in  
a ship away from the

city of nightmares.  
To this day I can  
still throw myself  
into the rage. To this  
day I will always  
remember the orc.